

The faithful Lovers Downfal :

O R,

The Death of Fair Phillis Who Killed her self for loss of her Philander.
 Phillis for loss of her Philander,
 Through each Grove doth wander ;
 Until she hears by fate he's slain,
 Which causes her so to complain :
 O're-whelm'd in tears, she does conclude,
 To end her life, which soon ensu'd ;
 For with her fatal Dagger, she
 Stab'd to the heart, sets Sorrow free ;
 Dying with patience, braving Fate,
 That to her Love did her translate.
 To a Pleasant New Play-House Tune: Or, Oh ! cruel bloody fate.



Ah ! cruel bloody Fate,
 what canst thou now do more ?
 ah me ! it is too late,
 Philander to restore :
 Why should the Power above persuade
 poor Mortals to believe,
 That they guard us here,
 And reward us there,
 yet all our Joys deceive.

Her Dagger then she took,
 and held it to her Breast,
 And with a dying look,
 these words she then express'd :
 Philander, ah my Love, I come,

to meet thy Shade below,
 Wh I come, she cry'd,
 With a wound so wide,
 there need no second Blow.

Oh ! too Cruel now,
 to take my Love away,
 Could'st thou no time allow,
 nor grant one moments stay ?
 Snatcht from my arms, and gone so soon
 dead Tyrant this I crave,
 All the fearfulest Rage
 Thou canst engage,
 and scorning thou shouldst save.

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Since Philander is gone,
wounds bleed apace, she cries,
No comfort shall be known,
to Phillis now she sighs :
Be gone my former joys, be gone,
griefs my acquaintance are,
Cruel Powers above,
That still do cross Love,
and drive us on Dispair.

How often in this Shade,
have we express our joys,
And sighing Crows have made
which cruel Fate destroys :
Oh me, I faint, yet his lov'd Name,
recalls my fading Soul,
To think of the bliss,
And the Happiness,
we had without Controule.

Oh my dear Love, make room,
unto the Elizium fields,
Thy Love-sick Phillis comes,
which spring of pleasure yields :
Where fate no more hath Power,
to blast our sacred flame,
Nor cruel Stars depose,
Such a happy Bliss,
As in Paradiſe,
bright Angels do disclose.

Oh Love on wings of Time,
thy bleeding Phillis lies,
Since in thy Blooming prime,
thou'rt slain, thy Phillis dyes :
Farewel fond world and all thy joys,
I here beneath the Shade,
Upon the fair Earth,
That gave us first Birth,
will for ever now be laid.

And think it happy now,
beneath this pleasing fate,
As Love commands to be,
and bless my happy state :

Then she sighs, whilst streams of passion
breath from her fainting Breast,
Soil'd her tender Limbs,
At which Crimson streams,
whilst death each part posselt.

Oh Shepherd now I come,
and will no longer stay,
I have delay'd too long,
too long I have been away :
Since Death hath prov'd unkind, he now
for it shall make amends,
In spite of fate,
shall be mine, tho' late;
and make us ever friends.

Once more I come, and then
he fell upon the ground,
So raises her self again,
and with a dying swoond,
Complain'd so sore of cruel fate,
wishing all Lovers just,
That they for ever
might endeavour,
to fulfill Loves trust.

From Crimson Meins her blood
ran streaming down the floure,
Unmov'd she saw the flood
and blest her dying hour :
Philander, ah Philander, all
the bleeding Phillis cries,
She wept a while,
And she forc'd a smile,
then clos'd her eyes and dyes.

FINIS.



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